

# The Mirror

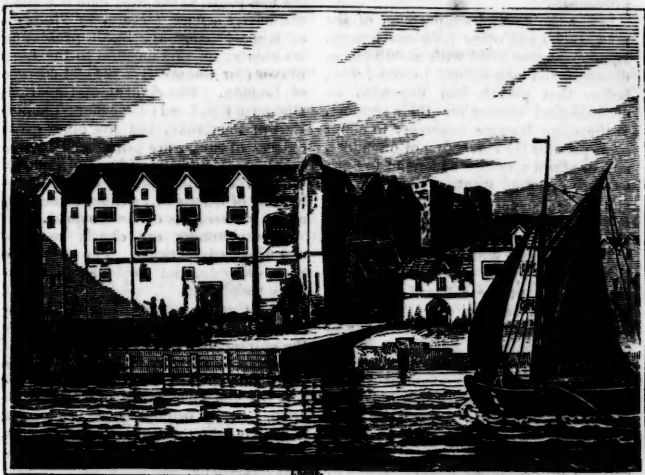
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]



## BRIDEWELL PALACE.

EVERY one has heard of BRIDEWELL (in Bridge-street, Blackfriars), as a house of correction, or, we fear we may say, a house of incorrigibles. Yet few, comparatively, are aware of this famed and notorious place, having once been a Royal Residence—a palace belonging to the Kings of England, where they frequently resided and held their courts. Yes, gentle reader, here that unbridled and incorrigible king, Henry VIII., that huge lump of “offending Adams,” played such tricks before High Heaven as made the very angels weep. Bridewell subsequently came into the possession of Cardinal Wolsey, who seems to have monopolized all the good things of his time; but, on his downfall, it again reverted to the Crown.

It was in this palace that Henry VIII. summoned to appear before him the heads of all the religious houses in England; and from those who refused to acknowledge his supremacy, he extorted large sums of money. In 1532, that monarch rebuilt Bridewell in a most magnificent manner, for the reception of

Charles the Fifth—who, however, preferred to lodge in the house of the Black Friars, which was situated on the other side of the river Fleet, over which a temporary bridge was thrown, which, passing through the city wall, formed a communication between that house and the palace, in which his suite were accommodated. In 1528, Cardinal Campeius “was brought to ye kinges presence then living at Brydewell by ye cardinal of Yorke and was caryed in a chayer of Crimosin velvet borne between iiij persones, for he was not able to stand, and the cardynall of Yorke and he sat both on the ryght hand of the kinges throne, and there one Frauncisci secretary to cardinal Campeius, made an eloquent oracion in the latin tongue:” and the same king “caused al his nobilitie, Judges and counsaylors wt diuers other persons to come to his palace of Brydewell on sonday the viij day of Noueber at after none in his great chamber, and there” delivered a speech to them, concerning his marriage with

\* Hall's Chronicle, fol. 180.

Katharine of Arragon.\* In the following year, Henry and his queen resided here, while the question of their marriage was pending at the Blackfriars; after which, taking a dislike to the place, he let it fall to decay; in which state it remained until its appropriation, in the following reign, to charitable purposes.

After the general suppression of the monasteries and other religious houses, London became filled with multitudes of dissolute and necessitous persons, who, before that period, had depended on ecclesiastical charity for their support. It therefore became necessary to adopt some plan for the correction of offenders, and to afford a refuge and relief to such as were in actual want. The first person who endeavoured to effect this laudable and charitable purpose was the pious Bishop Ridley.

In accordance with his and other petitions, made by the citizens, that young and virtuous prince Edward the Sixth, by a charter, bearing date the 26th of June, 1552, and which charter was afterwards confirmed by Queen Mary, granted the palace of Bridewell for the above purpose, and, amongst other things, endowed it with a great part of the revenues of the Savoy. In 1608, twelve large granaries were erected in this hospital, at the expense of the City, capable of containing 6,000 quarters of corn, and two storehouses for coals.—In the antient chapel, which, says Strype, “was enlarged and beautified, at the proper Cost and Charge of the Governors and Inhabitants of this Precinct, in the year of our Lord 1620,” was a portrait of Edward the Sixth, under which were the following lines:—

“This Edward, of fair Memory the Sixt,  
In whom, with Greatness, Goodness was com-  
mixt,  
Gave this *Bridewell*, a Palace in old times,  
For a Chastening House of vagrant crimes.”

In the plan of London attributed to Ralph Aggas, the buildings and gardens of this hospital appear to extend from their present site all the way to the Thames, on the bank of which a large castellated mansion is represented.

After the dreadful fire in 1666, by which almost the entire pile was destroyed, this hospital was rebuilt, in two quadrangles, the principal of which fronted the Fleet river, now a vast barrel-like sewer under the middle of Bridge-street. The old hall still remains; but the committee-room, prisons, chapel, &c., have been built since

the commencement of the present century; and the whole now forms only one large quadrangle. The hall, which is upwards of one hundred feet in length and forty in breadth, is lined with wainscoting, and furnished with long mahogany tables and forms, at which the governors dine annually in June. Over the fire-place, at the west end, is a large and nearly square picture, by Holbein, of King Edward the Sixth, presenting his charter for this hospital to the Lord Mayor (Sir George Bowes) and citizens of London. The figures of Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor; Thomas Earl of Pembroke, and five other great officers of state, are introduced in this piece, in which also is a head of Holbein himself. The other pictures exhibit full-lengths of Charles I., sitting, James II., and the Presidents of the Hospital.

The prisoners are chiefly vagrants and disorderly persons. The sexes are kept separate, and employed in working a tread-mill.

The Cut represents Bridewell Palace as it appeared about the year 1660, with the entrance to the Fleet River, part of Blackfriars, &c., as they appeared a short time previously to their destruction by the Great Fire of London, in 1666. In its original state, Bridewell extended from the banks of the Thames southward, as far north as to the present Bride-lane.

The use and character of Bridewell may be inferred from the following return for one year:—

Vagrants committed by the Lord	184
Mayor and sitting Aldermen . . .	
Apprentices sent to solitary confinement . . . . .	38
Persons to be sent to different parishes . . . . .	633
Apprentices to be brought up to different trades . . . . .	24

In 1829, a New Prison was erected, near Bethlem Hospital, Lambeth, as a substitute for the City Bridewell, Blackfriars. The chief employment of the prisoners is turning the tread-mill, which grinds the corn for the supply of Bethlem Hospital. Upwards of 700 persons are annually sent to this prison. Within the City Bridewell is the residence of the Chamberlain of London, who is also Treasurer of the Hospital. The President is the venerable Sir Richard Carr Glyn, Bart., senior alderman of the city of London.

\* Hall's Chronicle, fol. 180.

## THE DEATH OF BAYARD.

(For the Mirror.)

It was a lovely sunset, and the skies  
Were richly beautified with gorgeous dyes,  
And clouds that seem'd to burn with fiery light,  
Closed like a zone around the mountain's height;  
Delicious music stole along the deep,  
Which hush'd its waves beneath the woody  
steep,

And o'er the landscape reign'd a thoughtful calm  
Diffusing in the air its sweetest balm,  
The air whose liquid breath bedew'd the rose,  
And lured the broken spirit to repose;  
On that bright scene a warrior turn'd his eye,  
To view the sunset's pageantry, and die!

Beneath a tree which could not fail to bring  
Home to the heart a magic dream of spring,  
And o'er the bank its sunny foliage spread,  
The dying warrior bow'd his languid head:  
A feverish glow still mantled o'er his cheek,  
And oft his quivering lips essayed to speak;  
But lofty thoughts his scornful spirit nursed,  
And stay'd the tide of sorrow ere it burst;  
For he had fought where battle roll'd its wave,  
And pour'd its stormy thunder o'er the brave;  
And he had mark'd the purple stream descend  
From bosoms that his arm could not defend;  
And wildly then he threw his sword aside,  
With heart resigned to meditative pride,  
And to his friend, who stood beneath the tree,  
He breathed these soothing words—"Weep not  
for me!"

G. R. C.

## POPULOUS CITIES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following curious statistical account  
is given in the Cassel Almanac, for the  
year 1826:—The hundred most popu-  
lous cities in the globe are—

	Inhabitants
Jeddo, in Japan	1,680,000
Pekin	1,500,000
London	1,274,000
Hans Ischen & Ischen	1,100,000
Calcutta	900,000
Madras	817,000
Nankin	800,000
Congo Ischen	800,000
Paris	717,300
Wuts Chani	600,000
Constantinople	597,800
Benares	530,000
Kio	520,726
Lu Ischen	500,000
Houng Ischen	500,000

&c. The fortieth on the list is Berlin,  
containing 193,000; and the last, Bris-  
tol, 87,800. Among the hundred cities,  
three contain more than a million; nine  
from half a million to one million;  
twenty-three from 200,000 to 500,000;  
fifty-six from 100,000 to 200,000; six  
from 87,000 to 100,000. Of these one  
hundred cities, fifty-eight are in Asia,  
and thirty-two in Europe—of which,  
four are in Germany, four in France,

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five in Italy, eight in England, three  
in Spain, five in Africa, and five in  
America.

A list of the population of twenty-  
four states is given; the following is an  
extract:—

	Inhabitants.
China	264,500,000
British Empire	136,500,000
Russia	59,000,000
Japan	40,500,000
France	31,500,000
Austria	30,000,000
Turkish Empire	24,500,000
Anan	23,000,000
Spain	15,000,000
Morocco	15,000,000
Persia	13,500,000
Afghanistan	12,800,000
Low Countries	12,800,000
Burmese	12,000,000
Corea	12,000,000
Thibet	12,000,000
Prussia	11,370,000
United States	10,645,000
Naples	7,500,000
Brazil	5,500,000

The principality of Litchsenstein con-  
tains the smallest number of inhabitants  
out of the twenty-four states, having  
only 5,800 inhabitants. W. G. C.

## THE ORPHAN.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE'S grief upon thy childish brow, and wee  
upon thy cheek,

Remembrance in that fervid glance, so mild,  
and fix'd, and meek;

And something like a clinging back to many a  
summer scene,

For Memory oft will tell her tale of those that  
once had been.

She has her mother's deep blue eye, her mother's  
gentle voice,

Which bade the list'ner's soul be glad, the  
mourner's heart rejoice—

Her father's spirit high and pure, with child-  
hood's radiant smile,

That will through Mem'ry's tears the heart to  
hope and joy beguile.

Yet why is care upon that brow, and grief on  
cheek so fair.

Why is no wreath entwined among the ringlets  
of her hair,

And where are they who gave to earth this bright  
and beauteous flower?

The midnight of the heart comes not with child-  
hood's earliest hour.

Oh they!—they both are gone, the sire, the  
lov'd, and blest,

Deep in the blue Atlantic lies, its wave his place  
of rest:

And her young heart was all too fond, too dear  
its favourite dream,

To hear such tale of woe, and be as she had  
ever been:

And there she lies, the parent flower, like some  
 departed ray,  
 Leaving one darling bud to mourn her long  
 though sure decay.  
 The child,—oh let her gentle thoughts to them  
 in silence rove,  
 She is their living monument—the offspring of  
 their love. CLARA.

## The Selector;

### AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

THE SIGNAL.

(Concluded from page 336.)

I rushed round the point of the cliff, hardly thinking of caution, and only anxious to interpose I knew not in what way, between her and her fate. Her name was just about to escape my lips, as I groped for her in vain, when I felt my hand seized by some one in the dark. It was Dorathen herself! "Forgive me!" said she, speaking quickly but distinctly, "in such moments it is only your sex that can be calm and resolute. I do not hesitate! At a time like this, love and hate are alike to me. The first man who reaches the Castle of Salurn is Dorathen's husband! Away!" I looked up involuntarily, and saw the lantern gleaming like a star far above our heads. "Agreed!" said I in a whisper; and pressing her hand, I sprang upon the stair. The steps were steep and rugged, being roughly hewn out of the rock; but, like a man walking in his sleep, I seemed to hit by instinct the proper place for my feet, and ascended with rapidity and safety. I neared the light, and my strength seemed doubled by the common tiger-feeling of our nature when within spring of a deadly foe. The path, however, became more difficult; all trace of hewn steps disappeared, and I imagined that I must have wandered in my excitation, from the track. This I thought was rather fortunate than otherwise; for if the stair had been the only means of access, the struggle—for I knew that a struggle must come, would take place on the bare side of the steep. Endeavouring therefore to get round my enemy, and reach the brink before him, I pursued my way more slowly and more cautiously than before. When I approached near enough to the light to see the dim figure of the Italian, and gain some idea of the localities around him, I found that he was standing on a tabular piece of rock, which seemed to have

been one of the landing-places of the ancient stairs. He was occupied in scraping out with his knife a hole in the side of the cliff that was choked up with sand and moss. This apparently was a place for the foot; for a very short distance above, the stair recommenced with greater regularity than ever, and ascended till it was lost in the darkness. The tabular rock proved to be indeed a landing place, and the only point at which further passage could be effected. The cliff was properly smoothed all round it in a manner that, before the invention of gunpowder changed the art of war, must have made the place defensible by a single man against a thousand. The operations of Rusen were just completed, and he was in the act of raising his foot to the hole, from which a slight effort would lift him to the stair above. I felt that I grew pale. The next instant I sprang upon the rock, and caught him by the throat. "Jesus Maria!" cried he, returning the grapple. "Is it time?"—"Yes, it is time!" said I; and as the light of the lantern revealed my features to him, I could see a gleam of mingled joy and terror light up his swarthy countenance.—"I arrest you as a traitor," said I, "in the name of the Bavarian government. Do you yield?"—"Yes! take your prize!" replied he, with a grin of mockery and a gripe like that of death.—"I arrest you as an intended assassin! Do you yield?"—"No!"—"Down then—first to earth, and then to hell! Die, dog, in your guilt!" and with a painful effort, I bent him down over the abyss, and at the same instant caught by the rock with one hand, to save myself from perishing with my victim. He yielded to the force which perhaps he could not at any time have withstood; and I thought for an instant that I held him suspended over the gulf, into which I could spurn him with my foot. In a moment, however, the wily serpent twined his arms round my legs, and dragged me down with him upon the edge of the cliff. No situation could be more helpless than mine. Victory indeed was easy, but only in the union with death; and it appeared, from the frantic efforts of my enemy, that he himself was content to die, so that we died together. I was deceived. The next moment he loosed his hold of my legs, and threw himself on the rock, only clinging by the hands to the edge, till he had secured a footing below. This was instantaneously effected; and with what seemed to me the same motion, he caught me by the foot, and dragged me over the precipice.

\* Supplement—Spirit of the Annuals for 1832.

I clasped him in my arms as I fell, and tore him from the rock. A yell of rage and terror burst from his lips. The providence of God interfered miraculously between me and what seemed inevitable destruction; for my strongly-embroidered military jacket was caught in a point of the cliff, and I hung for some time helpless—and alone. When I descended to the surface of the earth, I found the two females hanging in distraction over the mangled body of Rusen, to the breast of which the lantern was still fastened and uninjured.—“Dorathen!” said I.—“You here! merciful God, is this a dream?”—“Yes—it is a dream which we must all forget. Away! you, at least, should have nothing to do with guilt and death.” She did not reply, but stooped down, and unfastened the lantern from the dead body.—“Unhand me!” said she, in feverish agitation, “I have a sacred duty to perform. Since Rusen failed, I will myself undertake the adventure!”—“This is madness! You are not in a condition to act, or even to think, at present, and I must charge myself with your safety. Come, let us leave this accursed spot, and speedily, for I too have a duty to perform.”—“What?” said she, with sudden animation, “to disclose the conspiracy of women, and send the Dorathen whom you affected to love to the scaffold?”—“No, by heaven!—not a word—not a look!”—“But there are other witnesses! The castle above contains a—a—paper, which I must burn to ashes before I can sleep again in this world.”—“I myself will do it. Give me the light.”—“You! Oh, no—no—no!” “Time presses—give me the light, Dorathen, I entreat—I insist!” She wrung her hands, and wept. “Do you fear that I shall read the document, and betray your accomplices?”—“Yes, I fear it!” said she quickly.—“Shall I swear?”—“No!—promise on your faith—on your honour—on your love! The document lies upon a small box, on a table near the window of the tower. Promise, that without reading its address, without touching it even with your finger, you will set fire to it with this lantern, and see both box and paper consumed to ashes. Do you promise?”—“I do, so help me heaven!” I seized the lantern, and sprang for the second time upon the stair. I reached the giddy height of the castle without accident, and ascended the crumbling staircase of the tower. In the highest apartment, I saw the fatal packet, as described by Dorathen, and looking beyond it to the window, that I might not

read the address, I fixed my eyes upon the dark valley below me, surrounded by its darker mountains. I could not readily touch the packet with the flame of the lamp without looking, and turned my eyes for a moment upon the table. The packet had *no address*. A nervous tremor seized me at this instant, I knew not why; but the paper had already ignited. It blazed like gunpowder; and the fire communicating to the box, a column of steady flame rose up. I overthrew the table, in a transport of rage and terror, and trampled the fatal apparatus to pieces. But it was too late. The signal had been given! From every rock—from every mountain top, answering lights glared forth, like spectres in the night; the roll of the drum—and the shrill call of the bugle—and the thunder of artillery, entered through the valleys. That night the Southern Tyrol was lost to Bavaria. I descended the rock, I know not how. I broke from the arms of Dorathen, and rushed like a madman towards the village. I arrived in time to see my brave fellows cut in pieces by the infuriated peasantry. Every where the cry resounded—*S’ist zeit—S’ist zeit!* It is time! It is time! I remember no more:—when I awoke from a raging fever, the Tyrol was again in the arms of its beloved Austria. Dorathen was my nurse. Soon afterwards Dorathen was my wife!

The Plates of the *Souvenir* are, for the most part, excellent, both in choice and execution; and that is as specific praise as we have room to award them.

#### Manners & Customs of all Nations.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORIGINAL LETTERS  
OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA.

##### Value of Burmese Sacred Books.

(For the Mirror.)

Secunderabad, 1827.

“WHEN the Burmese temples and monasteries were ransacked by our soldiers, they strewed about the books found therein, as useless lumber. Thinking them curious, I picked up one, and a few fragments, which I carried off by way of plunder. It seems they are to these people what the black-letter books, illuminated missals, and venerable copies of the Scriptures, were to the monks of old English times. When at Martaban, I engaged a priest to attend me as instructor in the language, and as soon as I was able to hold any conversation with him, produced my prizes for his inspection. He was quite a

youth, who becoming a novice at the age of eighteen years, instead of ten, and having only been a member of the priesthood for two years, was as yet uninitiated in the mysteries of Bramah divine revelations. But he took the book and fragments to the *Yahaun*, or Abbot of the Black Monastery, who brought them back shortly afterwards. This *Yahaun* was an honest man, and when he returned the detached leaves, asked me what I wanted with the book, and whether I would part with them all? I told him, that as the volume was perfect, I should send it to the great nation, for my mother;\* but that the loose leaves of other writings I should keep for myself. He offered me for it 100 jecals, equal at that period amongst the Burmese to as many rupees, which I refused. Some days afterwards he raised his offer to 300 jecals, which I also rejected, because I really wanted my trophies, and he never came again. Had our soldiers been aware of the value which the Burmese priests attach to their sacred writings, and which I must add, are written in a peculiar character, or language, only understood by themselves, they would not, I am persuaded, have wantonly destroyed a booty which would for its redemption have fetched an extraordinary price."

#### *The value of Wealth.*

"It is well known, that during the Burmese war, by some grievous oversight, there was a lack of supplies in the Indian army. Now, I am sorry I was not able, when in Burmah, to seize upon a few diamonds and pearls; but, in the first place, it is the custom of the natives, in time of war, to *bury all their valuables*; and in the next, my thoughts were far more intent upon the capture of provisions than of Burmese treasure: a *fowl* would have been to me at that time worth more than a whole pit of buried jewels."

#### *Indian Living.*

With the above hint respecting *scarcity* the following picture of *abundance*, in a

\* Owing to several trifling accidents this book did not reach its destination, though despatched almost immediately, until *three years* after the Burmese war; it is now, however, in the family of the writer, and a complete *black-letter* book, the characters being black, or darkest purple, on a golden ground; it is highly varnished, and beautifully ornamented with minute patterns in red, purple, and gold: and the writer is inclined to think it a particularly valuable specimen of the kind, since another Burmese sacred book, presented by a friend to her family, is entirely plain; the characters look as if *pricked*, upon the material (thin slips of scented wood, in colour like cedar, but not so agreeable as that or sandal wood) and are scarcely distinguishable from it.

letter dated from Madras, will not inaptly contrast:—"At breakfast I get eggs, muffins, bread, toast, butter, fish, prawns, green tea, coffee, milk, sugar-candy,—and, for those who like them, there are *tyer* (curds and whey), rice, and curry. At Jiffin, I get mulligatawny, with cold meat or fowl, vegetables, and bottled beer;—at dinner, beef, mutton, fish, fowl, game, vegetables, white wine, and water, with English and French claret. This is commonly the living of subs, up to major-generals. Curry and rice are standing dishes at every meal. The hours for refreshment are—*Breakfast*, between seven o'clock and nine; *Jiffin*, between one and two; *dinner*, between seven and eight. Of fruits, the country produces mangoes, bad oranges, prunellas, pine-apples, custard-apples, guavas, musk and water melons, plantains, limes, &c. &c.: all desperately bad for want of proper cultivation. The only good fruit I have tasted since my arrival in India was in Burmah, where it seemed to me perfection; but perhaps I only thought so, because to procure it was always an adventure. *English* fruits for me!"

#### *Sepoy Insubordination, and Brahmin Priestcraft.*

"Secunderabad, June 15th, 1827.

"The whole force was out this morning to witness the execution of a Sepoy, a trooper of the 2nd cavalry, for 'running a muck,' and shooting during his run his commanding officer, in the performance of his duty, and another Sepoy. So we all turned out; and the wretch is at this moment dangling in chains. But, as I perceive that wise-acre Joseph Hume has been moaning over the Brahmins, because some of them have been sentenced to mend the roads, for stirring up a mutiny in Bengal, I shall take the liberty of mentioning a trifling fact respecting the Brahmins—the *gentle* and *patient* Hindoos—in connexion with the aforesaid Sepoy, Mahmoud Cassim, who by the way was a Mahomedan—but no matter, he answers their purpose as well as one of their own caste. These *poor* Brahmins, then, wishing to *enrich* themselves, have declared the *MURDERER* a *martyr*!—a declaration in itself (since popular feeling here, as well as in countries I could name a little nearer home, invariably advocates the *wrong* side of the argument) sufficient to work up a rebellion. They affirm that his soul, to use a Persian expression, has become a *peri*, and that the miracles wrought by him at the gallows since he has been hung, are wonderful. So people are flocking.



to the *blessed* spot from all parts, supplanting the new peri for one thing or another; and then, throwing down a few small coins, depart—poor dupes—perfectly satisfied that their petitions will be granted. The Fakirs, also, by imposing in similar ways upon the credulous and ignorant Musselmans, drive a flourishing trade.

"Were Hume and other politicians to come out to India, and see how matters really stand, respecting which they are quite in the dark, whilst *residents* in this country could supply them with volumes of information upon them, they would alter their tones in a little time."

#### Hyderabad, Elephants, &c.

"Secunderabad, 1827.

"On the 12th of April, we made a party to the old city of Hyderabad, as it is termed, of which nothing remains but three ditches, four or five old gateways, and two or three magazines. So thoroughly deserted is the place, that it cannot fail to remind one of the scriptural prophetic denunciations—since most awfully fulfilled—against the then existing oriental cities, being literally the abode and possession of wild beasts,—tigers, panthers, jackals, antelopes, wolves, foxes, hares, &c. Of the two former animals, we saw none that day; and it is curious that the force of habit renders Europeans in little dread of tigers. The only fear is, that they may not be seen, since, if beheld, there is small danger to be apprehended from them. During all my weary peregrinations and marchings, I have never yet beheld one,\* although my servants, it seems, according to their own accounts, see them daily. I have, however, abundant reasons to suspect, that if these statements are not *got up* to answer their own lazy purposes, mere cowardice metamorphoses wolves and lynxes, in their eyes, into tigers. I was lately at a kind of Mahommedan festival, held at Moul-a-Ally, a small village, of no note whatever, a few years since. Its origin was this:—There was at the place a small tower, or fortified cattle-fold, erected as a defence against the inroads of the Pindarees; but a Musselman, having become wealthy and pious, in proportion as he fattened on the good things of this world, after devoting himself to the service of one of Mahmoud's faithful followers, named *Moul-a-Ally*, was so infatuated as to build mosques, consecrate the village to, and call it after, him, and to go thither annually in great state,

\* A letter dated about two months afterwards, gives an account of a tiger-hunt in which, with a couple of brother officers, he engaged.

accompanied by his retainers, and as many other people as he could muster, to perform vows to his idol. From hence originates the annual festival—which ought, I think, to be termed the *Feast of Elephants*, since every one with a rupee in his pocket makes a point of attending it, if possible, upon an elephant; but, if he cannot afford this, on horseback, dressed extremely *fine*: in other words, as tawdriy as perambulating show-folks. The hire of an elephant would have been eight rupees, a luxury with which I could not indulge myself on this occasion (but hope next year to make one of a party of six, the number this animal carries), and so sallied forth on my worthy old Arabian *Pickaxe*; and was not a little astonished to find myself wedged in between a crowd of huge, moving *mountains of flesh*—for such were indeed the immense elephants which I there beheld. *Pickaxe* I had always considered a tall horse, but these creatures were of so extraordinary a magnitude, that the feet of the drivers, who sit astride on their necks, touched the top of my cap. One of three elephants which we captured at Martaban was considered a large animal; but, compared with the colossal creatures I beheld at the Festival of Moul-a-Ally, it was insignificant.—About eight hundred elephants and four hundred camels, to say nothing of the horses belonging to the holiday-makers, paraded about the place all day. Everybody, except the English, attended the festival armed, and each respectable native had a body-guard of six or eight sword and javelin men. For this office, Arabs are preferred, but they are scarce, on account of their employment by the English in the Mizam service; for these people exhibit a fidelity towards their masters beyond that of the natives, and are, as strangers in the country, more easily managed."

Communicated, from original letters, by M. L. B.

Great Marlrow, Bucks.

### Spirit of Discovery.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. 91,

CONTAINS two important papers on the CHOLERA, the practical portion of which we endeavour to convey to our readers. The remainder of the Number is of great, though not paramount, interest. But there is an extravagantly and absurdly eulogistic paper on *Croker's Edition of Boswell*, and an article on the

Government, which, punning aside, is too *choler-ic* for our pages:—

A hundred and fifty years have elapsed since any such visitation occurred in this happy island, and men of all conditions had been lulled, through long security, into a practical diabelief that the like may occur again. History records instances of pestilence in which the mortality has been as great as in the cholera—others in which the suddenness of the transition from life to death has been as appalling—and perhaps some few, in which the agonies of death have been not less excruciating; but no disease has ever before presented so fearful a combination of these three features—of extensive mortality, concentrated power of destruction, and exquisite anguish of suffering.

What has been done to meet this fatal contagion? One Board of Health has been established, and it has issued *two* documents. The first of these (lithographed in July) was made up of recommendations totally inapplicable and impracticable in a society such as ours, and which, if enforced, must have burthened us with evils yet more intolerable than those of death by cholera. Our wives and daughters, in the event of illness, were to be torn from us and thrust into lazar-houses; the rest of our families were to choose between the alternative of accompanying their sick kindred to the pest-house, or being placed—perhaps among the refuse of society—in a lazaretto, until time had shown that they might return to their own dwellings without danger to the public safety. Our houses, meantime, if the malady had visited them, were to be surrendered into the absolute keeping of “Expurgators”—outcasts, probably, capable of, and tempted to, every crime! The government, we must suppose, have the merit of detecting—at their leisure—the absurdity of thus applying to Great Britain the plague code of the *garrison of Malta!* and hence certain important modifications of the Board’s original views, in the regulations of the 20th of October. But this second document, however superior to the first, is still far from being a satisfactory one. The *advice* it contains (for it is but *advice*) is of so general a nature, and so loosely worded, that we doubt if any individual has been thereby guided to frame for himself and his household a more efficient system of prophylactics than a very moderate exercise of unprofessional common sense might have at once suggested. It may be said that the Board have been deterred from going into de-

tails by the dread of exaggerating alarm; but we cannot shut our eyes to the equal impolicy and inhumanity of being held back, under such circumstances, by such considerations. The fatal consequences of *ignorance* have been written black and strong in every history of pestilence.—The amount of evil has always been in proportion to the want of knowledge and preparation. Witness *Marseilles*, where, in the language of an eye-witness, “the rich found no protection, the poor no aid;”—witness the massacres during the plague of *Messina*—the fearful anarchy which has attended the footsteps of this cholera throughout *Persia*;—witness various towns of *Hindostan*, where the whole population rushed in despair into the country, and leaving their own valuables to destruction, spread the pestilence far and wide about them—and the islands of the *Indian Ocean*, where Europeans were butchered on the shore, in sight of British ships and Spanish soldiery. We are, in fact, inclined to attribute the diminishing mortality of cholera, as it has advanced into comparatively civilized regions, much less to any considerable mitigation of its virus, than to the superior arrangements as to hospitals and police, especially adopted in foresight of its eruption.

When we compare our own country with those European states as yet ravaged by cholera, so far from finding grounds to justify comparative neglect on the part either of government or of individuals here, we are constrained to arrive at a far different conclusion.—Allowing all that can be asked for, as to the many points in which we are favourably distinguished—especially the morality and cleanliness characteristic of great classes not elsewhere so far advanced—and the skilfulness of our medical men—we are still forced to suspect, that on the whole, the balance may be struck against us. We have great towns in a proportion prodigiously beyond any other European empire—*London*, with probably 1,500,000 inhabitants; *Dublin*, with 400,000; *Glasgow* and *Manchester*, with 200,000 each; five cities all above 100,000—*Edinburgh*, *Liverpool*, *Birmingham*, *Bristol* and *Cork*; at least fourteen, of from 30,000 to 60,000; and about thirty ranging from 15,000 to 30,000. Our inland commerce and habits of life are such as to connect all parts of the country together in a style wholly unexamplified. The extent and rapidity of our means of conveyance have never been approached. Then our, in general cir-



cumstances, admirable policy of doing everything to excite competition, has rendered us dependent on each other—on individual arrangements and exertions, even for the necessities of life, to a degree unheard of in any other kingdom. The proportion of the people immediately dependent on the government for support, in the shape of soldiery, &c., is as nothing; and there is a corresponding deficiency of those magazines which almost everywhere else are at hand in case of a famine. Lastly, except in one or two places, we are more destitute of a *police* than any community in the world. Every historian of pestilence, from Thucydides to Jonnès, abounds in awful descriptions of the outbursts of *crime* that inevitably attends such visitations; and as it is obvious that this can only proceed from the suspension of usual occupations, it is needful to inquire what occupations are the most sure to be interrupted—and what nation can ever have had such reason for fear, in the prospect of such a calamity, as the one that possesses the most enormous proportion of manufacturers that the world has ever witnessed?

The country has a right to expect much from the government, and we are sure the country will give every support to the government if they do their duty, and act and order with the energy and precision which the case demands.—When we reflect on the good sense and the good feeling, the activity, and the liberality, which form the most valuable of the national resources, we are satisfied that if ultimate blame shall attach any where, it will not be either to English communities as communities, or to English families as families.

Let us suppose that the malady breaks out in an English town—for example, Hull. That town ought not to be taken unprepared;—it should already have made its arrangements. For example: 1. A board of health should have been formed;—2. The town should have been divided into districts, and a district board established in each;—3. An efficient body of police should have been organized, including magistrates, medical officers, attendants on the sick—commissaries—conveyers and buriers of the dead, all prepared to be separated from the community;—4. Contracts should have been entered into, insuring supplies of food, fuel, &c., in case of alarm deranging the operations of the adjoining districts, and the townspeople being exposed to the rapacity of monopolists, which would imply temptation to vio-

lence and outrage;—5. The householders should have calculated on a very great addition to the poor-rates;—6. Hospitals for cholera should have been made ready, and the strictest measures adopted for keeping the existing hospitals free from the disease;—7. Burial places should have been enclosed, and furnished with store of *lime*;—8. Every thing should have been done to ensure a lavish abundance of water every where, and there should be *depôts* of medicine (including wine and brandy), and of lime and chloride of lime, easily accessible, and in every district of the town.

In consequence of the absence of such preparations, the ravages of the cholera in the Prussian capital have been, and continue to be, frightful. It has now established itself in the neighbouring towns, and also (though the government would fain conceal this) in the numerous barracks and camps and *cordons sanitaires* around Berlin. Every hour brings the intelligence of some valuable life lost to that country—we are extremely sorry to say, that we have just received accounts of the death of that amiable and learned physician, Dr. Becker. At Hamburg, on the contrary, the alarm seems to have been taken in better time. A gentleman who has just performed his quarantine, describes that town as it was a month ago, before the pestilence broke out: "Every shop was shut—every banking-house—the principal people meeting every where to adopt measures—the magistrates indefatigable." And throughout the German towns generally, things are now in a state of preparation, which ought, without loss of time, to be as far as is possible imitated here. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine, for example (we speak on the authority of a friend of ours, that has just arrived from that city), the arrangements are complete. The roads are patrolled and strict quarantine enforced. Each street has had, for some weeks past, its cholera committee, consisting of two or three of the chief inhabitants. These gentlemen visit every house daily, to see that rooms are white-washed, decayed fruit, vegetables, filth of every kind removed, and that at least one slipper-bath of tin is kept ready to be filled with hot water, under every roof. Soup kitchens have been prepared in every district. Very large supplies of medicines, and of provisions of all sorts, have been laid up. The medical professors have had their districts allotted to them. Bands of trustworthy persons have been sworn in to act as at-

tendants on the sick. (At Berlin, the servants of families often ran off, and left their afflicted superiors utterly destitute.) Extensive hospitals have been erected in the fields, about a quarter of a mile out of the town; and, in a word, every precaution that two skilful physicians, who had been sent to Warsaw, could suggest, has been adopted under their immediate inspection.

Meantime such families as mean to quit, in case of pestilence, the town in which they reside, ought to hold themselves in readiness for immediate flight; and the civil power should be prepared to take charge of the houses and property which they are to leave behind them. The opulent must be content to pay dearly for such protection, but they have a right to expect it.

In such cases the excitement and alarm at the first outburst are so great, that, after a few days, people are apt to follow into the opposite extreme of indifference. We get accustomed to any thing; and the progress of the mischief being probably slower than fancy had pictured, every hour the impression gets fainter. It is now that the vigilance of the police is most called for. The people must be saved in spite of themselves. The obtuseness and rashness of the lower orders, on such occasions, are such as none but an eye-witness will believe. At Vienna, the proportion of mortality among the very highest orders has been extraordinary, and is accounted for solely by the vast troops of ignorant domestics which swarm about the palaces of the Austrian nobility. All vagabonds, beggars, and old-clothesmen must disappear. The least semblance of a crowd must not be tolerated; and all public conveyances must be *open ones*. The cholera took seventeen days to advance one hundred and fifty fathoms in the Mauritius. If due exertions be made, the malady may be arrested and suppressed at this early stage.

When the terror revives—when the indifference consequent on the first paroxysm of alarm gives way before the knowledge that the disease is indeed creeping on from quarter to quarter, from street to street, the desire to quit the town becomes general, and a new mass of difficulties must be grappled with. The more that go the better, but none must go unless they have the means of conveyance, and know whither they are going, or without the license of the district board; and they that do go must submit to travel under regulations of the strictest kind.

(To be continued.)

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### A LAY OF THE TWADDLE SCHOOL.

*Lyric Lilt between L. E. L. and Lady Morgan.*

**L. E. L.** "Memento—servare mentem  
Ab insolenti temperatam  
*Letitia!*" *Hor. Ode, 3, lib. ii.*

**Lady M.** "—— Alla fonte tornava,  
Trovò Morgana, ch' intorno alla soglia  
Faceva un ballo, e ballando cantava.  
Pih legghier non si voigo al vento forbia  
Di ciò ch' quella donna si voltava—" *BOIARDO, Orlando Innamorato.*

**L. E. L.** Who can sound the Sapphic shell  
Like the Lesbian L. E. L.?

**Lady M.** Saucy sparrow! cease such jargon—  
Sappho's self is Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** "Suckled by the Muses," well  
As Anna de Vignes, was L. E. L.

**Lady M.** "Suckled!"—born too, in the bargain,  
Of the Nine, was Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Far from Brompton to Bow-bell  
Swells the fame of L. E. L.

**Lady M.** Fame from Stamboul to Stillborgan  
Blows the trump of Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Nature did herself excel  
In the gifted L. E. L.

**Lady M.** Fatal as the glance of Gorgon  
Is the eye of Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Genius has no parallel  
For the soul of L. E. L.

**Lady M.** Genius,—ah, says Dr. Corrgan,  
Centred shines in Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Della Crusca's glories fell  
At the feet of L. E. L.

**Lady M.** Aphra Behn and Moore are o'ergone  
By the lyre of Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Golden violets,—who can smell  
Their bright hues but L. E. L.

**Lady M.** Liberty's impassioned organ  
Is the pen of Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Jerdan says, "If they'd but sell,  
"Sure specs were works by L. E. L."

**Lady M.** At half-price were all my store gone,  
None would lose by Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Glory's most impulsive spell  
Is the song of L. E. L.

**Lady M.** La Fayette had ne'er to war gone,  
But for note from Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Churchyard Cupids chime their knell  
To the strains of L. E. L.

**Lady M.** Lovers from La Trappe to Lurgan  
Lisp the lays of Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Swan-like, dying demoiselle  
Sings a dirge from L. E. L.

**Lady M.** A very cook made *calembourg* on  
All-inspiring Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Regent Street and proud Pall Mall  
Venerate young L. E. L.

**Lady M.** France,—adored as Demozorgan,  
In my "France" is Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** Florence—my Castilian cell,  
Halsey home of L. E. L.

**Lady M.** O'er "Italy," like shooting star zone,  
Flares the fame of Lady Morgan.

**L. E. L.** *Morgante mio!*—vivid spell  
Morgan links with L. E. L.

**Lady M.** Patronised as poets' pargon\*  
Is L. E. L. by Lady Morgan.

*Both.* From British bardesses now bear the  
belle,  
Learned Lady Morgan, love-love L. E. L.

\* Note by Lady Morgan.—I entreat that this elegant allusion may be elementarily exemplified by the exemplary editor.

His obedient servant, LADY MORGAN.  
*Fraser's Magazine.*

## FEMALE POISONER.

IN 1808, a widow, about fifty years old resident at Pegnitz, in Germany, and bearing the name of Anna Schonleben, was received as housekeeper into the family of the Justiz-Amptmann Glaser, who had for some time previous been living separate from his wife. Shortly after the commencement of her service, however, a partial reconciliation took place, in a great measure effected through the exertions of Schonleben, and the wife returned to her husband's house. But their reunion was of short duration, for in the course of four weeks after her return she was seized with a sudden and violent illness, of which in a day or two she expired.

On this event Schonleben quitted the service of Glaser, and was received in the same capacity into that of the Justiz-Amptmann Grohmann, then unmarried. Though only thirty-eight years of age, he was in delicate health, and had suffered severely from the gout, so that Schonleben had an opportunity of showing by the extreme care and attention which she bestowed upon his comforts, her qualifications for the office she had undertaken. Her cares, however, it seemed were unavailing; her master fell sick in spring, 1809, his disease being accompanied with violent internal pains of the stomach, dryness of the skin, vomiting, &c. and he died on the 8th May, after an illness of eleven days. Schonleben, who had attended him with unremitting attention during his illness, administering all his medicines with her own hand, appeared inconsolable for his loss,—and that of her situation.

The high character, however, which she had acquired for her prudence, care and gentleness as a sick-nurse, immediately procured her another in the family of the Kammer-Amptmann Gebhard, whose wife was at that time on the point of being confined. This event took place on the 13th May, shortly after the entry of the new housekeeper, who made herself particularly useful, and mother and child were going on extremely well, when on the third day after the birth, the lady was seized with spasms, internal heat, violent thirst, vomiting, &c. In the extremity of her agony she frequently exclaimed that they had given her poison. Seven days after her confinement she expired.

Gebhard, the widower, left without any one to take the management of his domestic affairs, thought that, in the meantime, he could not do better than retain in his service the housekeeper, who, during his wife's illness, had dis-

tinguished herself so much by the zeal and assiduity of her attentions to the invalid. Some of his friends attempted to dissuade him from retaining an inmate, who seemed by some fatality to bring death into every family with which she became connected; but Gebhard, who was not of a superstitious turn, laughed at their apprehensions, and Schonleben remained in his house, now invested with almost unlimited authority.

During her residence here, many circumstances occurred, which, though at the time they excited little attention, were subsequently recollected and satisfactorily established. These will be hereafter alluded to: meantime we proceed to that which first directed suspicion against her. Gebhard had, at last, by the importunity of a friend, who (from what ground he did not explain) had advised him to dismiss his housekeeper, been prevailed on to take his advice, and had communicated as gently as possible his resolution to Schonleben herself. She received it without any observation, except an expression of surprise at the suddenness with which he had changed his mind, and the next day was fixed for her departure for Bayreuth. Meantime she bustled about as usual, arranged the rooms, and filled the salt-box in the kitchen, observing that it was the custom for those who went away to do so for their successors. On the morning of her departure, as a token of her good will, she made coffee for the maids, supplying them with sugar from a paper of her own. The coach, which her master had been good-natured enough to procure for her, was already at the door. She took his child, now twenty weeks old, in her arms, gave it a biscuit soaked in milk, caressed it, and took her leave. Scarcely had she been gone half an hour, when both the child and the servants were seized with violent retching, which lasted for some hours, leaving them extremely weak and ill. Suspicion being now at last fairly awakened, Gebhard had the salt-box examined which Schonleben had so officiously filled. The salt was found strongly impregnated with arsenic. In the salt barrel also, from which it had been taken, thirty grains of arsenic were found, mixed with about three pounds of salt.

That the series of sudden deaths which had occurred in the families in which Schonleben had resided, was owing to poison, now occurred to every one as clear; and they almost wondered how so many circumstances could have passed before their eyes without awaken-

ing them to the truth. During her residence with Gebhard, it appeared that two visitors who had dined with her master, in Aug. 1809, were seized after dinner with the same symptoms of vomiting, convulsions, spasms, &c. which had affected the servants on the day of Schonleben's departure, and of which the more unfortunate mistress of the family had expired; that on one occasion she had given a glass of white wine to Rosenhauer, a servant who had called with a message, which had occasioned similar symptoms, so violent indeed as to oblige him for a day or two to confine himself to bed; that on another, she had taken a lad of nineteen, Johann Kraus, into the cellar, where she offered him a glass of brandy, which, after tasting and perceiving a white sediment within it, he declined; that one of the servant, Barbara Waldmann, with whom Schonleben had frequent quarrels, after drinking a cup of coffee, was seized with exactly the same symptoms as her companions; and what, perhaps, appeared the most extraordinary of all, that at a party given by her master on the 1st Sept. having occasion to send her to his cellar for some pitchers of beer, he himself, and all the guests that partook of it, five in number, were almost immediately afterwards seized with the usual spasms, sickness, &c., which seemed to accompany the use of those liquids whenever they were dispensed by Schonleben.

Although from the long period which had elapsed since the death of those individuals, whose fate there was reason to suppose had been so prematurely accelerated by this smooth-faced poisoner, there was no great probability that any light would be thrown upon these dark transactions by an inspection of the bodies, it was resolved on at all events to give the matter a trial. The result of this ghastly examination, however, was more decisive than could have been expected; all the bodies exhibited in a greater or less degree those appearances, which modern researches into the effects of poisons have shown to be produced by the use of arsenic; and in one of them in particular, that of the wife of Glaser, the arsenic was still capable of being detected in substance. On the whole, the medical inspectors felt themselves warranted in concluding, that the deaths of at least two individuals out of the three had been occasioned by poison.

Meantime Schonleben had been living quietly at Bayreuth, seemingly quite unconscious of the storm which was gathering around her. Her finished

hypocrisy even led her, while on the road, to write a letter to her late master, reproaching him with his ingratitude in dismissing one who had been a protecting angel to his child; and in passing through Nurnberg, to take up her residence with the mother of her victim, the wife of Gebhard. On reaching Bayreuth she again wrote more than once to Gebhard; the object of her letters evidently being to induce him again to receive her back into his family. She made a similar attempt on her former master Glaser, but without success. While engaged in these negotiations the warrant arrived for her apprehension, and she was taken into custody on the 19th Oct. On examining her person three packets were found in her pocket, two of them containing fly-powder, and the third arsenic.

For a long time she would confess nothing;—evading with great ingenuity, or resisting with obstinacy every attempt to obtain from her any admission of her guilt. It was not till the 16th April, 1810, that her courage gave way, when she learned the result of the examination of the body of Glaser. Then at last, weeping and wringing her hands, she confessed that she had on two occasions administered poison to her. No sooner had this confession been uttered, than she fell to the ground "as if struck by lightning," says Feuerbach, and was removed in strong convulsions from the chamber.

We shall condense into a short connected statement the substance of the numerous examinations which this wretch subsequently underwent, and of the information acquired from other sources by which her statements were in many particulars modified, and in some points refuted. Born in Nurnberg in 1760, she had lost both her parents before she reached her fifth year. Her father had possessed some property, and till her 19th year she remained under the charge of her guardian, who was warmly attached to her, and bestowed much care on her education. At the age of nineteen, she married, rather against her inclination, the notary Zwanziger, for such, not Schonleben, was her real name; the loneliness and dulness of her matrimonial life contrasted very disagreeably with the gaieties of her guardian's house; and in the absence of her husband, who divided his time between business and the bottle, she dispelled her ennui by sentimental novel-reading, weeping over the sorrows of Werter, and the struggles of Pamela and Emilia Galotti. The property which

fell to her on her coming of age was soon dissipated by her husband and herself in extravagant entertainments and an expensive establishment, and a few years saw them sunk in wretchedness, with a family to support, and without even the comfort of mutual cordiality or esteem,—for the admirer of Pamela, whose sympathetic heart had bled for the Sorrows of Werter, now attempted to prop the falling establishment by making the best use she could of her personal attractions, (which hideous and repulsive as she appeared at the time of her trial, she described as having once been very considerable,) while her husband, as mean and grovelling in adversity as he had been assuming and over-bearing in prosperity, was a patient spectator of his own dishonour. Perhaps it was consoling to him, as it appeared to have been to his wife, that she “had the delicacy,” as she styled it, “to confine her favours to the higher classes of society.” At all events, shortly afterwards he died, leaving his widow to pursue her career of vice and deceit alone. During the time which intervened between the death of her husband, and that when she first entered the service of Glaser, her life had been one continued scene of licentiousness and hypocrisy. Devoid of principle from the first, mingling chiefly with others who, though of respectable or exalted rank, were as destitute of it as herself; forced to pretend attachment where none was felt; to submit where she would willingly have ruled; sometimes laughed at or treated with ingratitude where she was really labouring to please; a wanderer on the earth for twenty years without a resting-place or a sincere friend; she became at last a habitual hypocrite, to whom falsehood seemed to be actually more natural than truth. Rage and disappointment at her fate, and a bitter hatred against mankind, seemed to have gradually been maturing in her heart; till at last all the better sympathies of her nature were poisoned, and nothing remained but the determination to better her condition at the expense of all those ties which humanity holds most sacred. When and how the idea of poison dawned on her—whether suddenly or by degrees, her confessions did not explain; but there is every reason to believe that this tremendous agent had been employed by her previous to her appearance in Glaser’s house. Determined as she was at all hazards to advance her own interests, poison seemed to furnish her at once with the talisman she was in search of;—it punished her

enemies, it removed those who stood in her way;—its operation afforded her the means of rendering her good qualities conspicuous in her affected sympathy for the sufferer;—nay, administered in smaller quantities by her experienced hand, it was equally effectual in preventing a second visit from a disagreeable guest, or annoying a fellow servant with whom she had a quarrel. By long acquaintance poison had become so familiar to her, that she seemed to look on it as a useful friend; something equally available for seriousness or jest; and to which she was indebted for many a trusty and secret service. When the arsenic which had been taken from her pocket was exhibited to her some months afterwards at Culmbach, she seemed to tremble with delight; her eyes glistened as she gazed upon it, as if she recognised a friend from whom she had long been separated. Of the crimes which she had perpetrated, too, she always spoke as of slight indiscretions, rendered almost necessary by circumstances,—so completely by repetition had murder itself lost its character of horror.

From the first moment she had entered the house of Glaser, the idea of obtaining an influence over his mind, so as to secure him as her husband, had occurred to her. That he was then married was immaterial: poison would be the speediest process of divorce. First, however, the victim must be brought within the range of her power; hence her anxiety to effect the reconciliation of the pair, and the return of the wife to her husband’s house. The plan succeeded, and within a few weeks after her return, Zwanziger commenced her operations. Two successive doses were administered, of which the last was effectual. “While she was mixing it,” she said, “she encouraged herself with the notion that she was preparing for herself a comfortable establishment in her old age.” This prospect having been defeated by her dismissal from Glaser’s service, she entered that of Grohmann. Here her common mode of revenging herself upon such of her fellow servants as she happened to dislike, was to mix fly-powder with the beer in the cellar, in the hope of creating illness, though not death; and of this beer it happened more than once that some of the visitors at Grohmann’s table also partook. These, however, were mere preparations “to keep her hand in;” the victim for whom her serious poisons were reserved was her unfortunate master. Here also she had for some time indulged the hope of a matri-

monial connexion; infirm and gouty as he was, she thought she would obtain such an ascendancy over him as to induce him to descend to this alliance; when all at once her hopes were blasted by hearing of his intended marriage with another. For some time she tried by every means in her power to break off the connexion: but her arts proved ineffectual, and Grohmann, provoked by her pertinacity, had mentioned to a friend that he could no longer think of retaining her in his service. The wedding day was fixed;—all hopes of preventing the marriage were at an end;—and nothing now remained for her but revenge. In five days afterwards Grohmann fell a victim to poison.

From this service Zwanziger passed into that of Gebhard, whose wife soon shared the fate of Grohmann; for no other reason, according to her own account, than because that lady had treated her harshly, and occasionally found fault with her management of the house. Even this wretched apology was contradicted by the facts proved by the other inmates of the house. The true motive, as in the preceding cases, was, that she had formed designs upon Gebhard similar to those which had failed in the case of Glaser, and that the unfortunate lady stood in the way. Her death was accomplished by poisoning two pitchers of beer from which Zwanziger from time to time supplied her with drink. Nay, even her husband was made the innocent instrument of his wife's death by administering the same liquid to the invalid. Even while confessing that she had thus poisoned the beer, she persisted in maintaining that she had no intention of destroying the unfortunate lady; if she could have foreseen that such a consequence would have followed, she would rather have died!

During the remaining period, from the death of Gebhard's wife to that of her quitting his service, she admitted having frequently administered poisoned beer, wine, coffee, and other liquids, to such guests as she disliked, or to her fellow servants, when any of them had the misfortune to fall under her displeasure. The poisoning of the salt box she also admitted; but with that strange and inveterate hypocrisy which ran through all her confessions, she maintained that the arsenic in the salt barrel must have been put in by some other person.

The fate of such a wretch could not of course be doubtful; she was condemned to be beheaded, and listened to

the sentence apparently without emotion. She told the judge that her death was a fortunate thing for others, for she felt that she could not have left off poisoning had she lived. On the scaffold she bowed courteously to the judge and assistants, walked calmly up to the block, and received the blow without shrinking.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*. No. 16.

## Notes of a Reader.

### CARBON—DIAMOND.

(From *Popular Chemistry*, Part XII. of *Knowledge for the People*.)

*Why is carbon known by the names of diamond and charcoal?*

Because the two latter substances, although so different, and almost opposite, in physical characters, are, according to unexceptionable experiments, almost chemically the same.

That diamond is simple carbon, is shown by the following experiment. M. Morveau exposed a diamond to intense heat, shut up in a small cavity in a piece of tough iron. When he opened the cavity, he found the diamond entirely gone, and the iron around it converted into steel. This shows that it is pure carbon, which combines with iron to form steel, and not charcoal, which is generally an oxide of carbon. The peculiar hardness of steel is to be ascribed to its union with a portion of pure carbon, or diamond. It is no uncommon thing for jewellers to expose such diamonds as are foul, to a strong heat, imbedded in charcoal, to render them clear; but, in this process, great care is taken to have a sufficient quantity of charcoal, to exclude the atmospheric air: otherwise, the intense heat would produce combustion.—*Parke's*.

*Why is charcoal more inflammable than the diamond?*

Because of the looseness of its texture, and the hydrogen it contains. The latter is indeed the only chemical difference perceptible between diamond and the purest charcoal: but Dr. Ure asks, "can a quantity of an element, (hydrogen) less, in some cases, than 1-50,000th part of the weight of the substance, occasion so great a difference in physical and chemical characters?" In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1797, is related Mr. Smithson Tennant's process for proving the identity of these two substances: he says, "It will appear, from experiments, that the diamond consists entirely of charcoal, differing from the usual state of that substance only by



its crystallized form,"—and Dr. Ure thinks this opinion to be correct.

The identity of charcoal and diamond is further illustrated in the following experiment. Sir Humphry Davy exposed charcoal to intense ignition, *in vacuo*, and in condensed azote, by means of Mr. Children's magnificent battery, when it slowly volatilized, and gave out a little hydrogen. The remaining was always much harder than before, and in one case, so hard as to scratch glass, while its lustre was increased. This fine experiment may be regarded as a near approach to the *production of diamond*; and we believe that similar experiments of French chemists have been equally successful.

*Why did Newton infer that the diamond was inflammable?*

Because of the circumstance, that inflammable substances refract light in a greater ratio than that of their densities. We readily acquiesce in Mr. Parkes's note: "It is wonderful that Newton, who had no chemical means of examining the diamond, should have conceived the idea of its inflammable nature."

It is not evident to whom the combustibility of the diamond first occurred; but, in the year 1694, the Florentine Academicians proved its destructibility by heat, by means of a burning lens. The products of its combustion were first examined by Lavoisier, in 1772, and subsequently, with more precision, by Guyton Morveau, in 1785. Mr. Tennant's experiments, just referred to, demonstrated the important fact, that when equal weights of diamond and pure charcoal were submitted to the action of red-hot nitre, the results, in both cases, were the same; and, in 1807, the combustion of the diamond in pure oxygen, was found by Messrs. Allen and Pepys, to be attended with precisely the same results as the combustion of pure charcoal. Hence, observes Brande, the inevitable inference, that charcoal and the diamond are similar substances in their chemical nature, differing only in mechanical texture.

The combustion of the diamond may be most conveniently and perfectly effected, by placing it upon a platinum capsule, in a jar of pure oxygen, inverted over mercury, and throwing upon it the focus of a burning lens. Sir Humphry Davy, when at Florence, in 1814, (*Phil. Trans.*) used for this purpose the same lens which was employed in the first trials on the action of solar heat on the diamond, instituted by Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany: he found, that when

strongly ignited by the lens in a thin capsule of platinum, perforated with many orifices, so as to admit a free circulation of air, the diamond continued to burn in the oxygen, after being withdrawn from the focus, with so brilliant a light as to be visible in the brightest sunshine, and with very intense heat. The results of these experiments demonstrate, that diamond affords no other substance by its combustion than pure carbonic acid gas; and that the process is merely a solution of diamond in oxygen, without any change in the volume of the gas. It likewise appears, that, in the combustion of the different kinds of charcoal, water is produced; and that, from the diminution of the volume of the oxygen, there is every reason to believe, that the water is formed by the combustion of the hydrogen existing in strongly ignited charcoal.

*Why is pure carbon, or diamond, so scarce, while its compounds, in different states, are so abundantly dispersed?*

Because, (observes an eminent chemist) "the wonder consists only in the opposition between facts and our opinions; it disappears in proportion as we discover and appropriate the powers of nature to produce the same effects. To dispel the astonishment of those who might consider this a ground of distrust, I shall remind them that aluminous earth is likewise one of the commonest substances, though the adamantine spar, no less rare than the diamond, is nevertheless alumina; that iron exists everywhere, under every form, except in the state of purity; and that the existence of native iron is still doubtful." Since the preceding observations were written, native iron is stated to have been found in Canaan, in the United States of America.

*Why has the diamond so great lustre?*

Because it reflects all the light falling on its posterior surface at an angle of incidence greater than 24 degrees 13 minutes. Artificial gems reflect half of this light. The base of all artificial stones is a paste composed of silex, potash, borax, oxide of lead, and sometimes arsenic. The best silex is obtained from rock crystal, and the next best from white sand, or flint.

*Why are diamonds called male and female?*

Because a hard and soft stone are often united in the same gem; the hard stone being called by diamond cutters a *he*, and the soft one a *she*.

*Why is a diamond said to be of the first water?*

Because it is perfectly transparent

and pure. The snow-white diamond is most highly prized by the jeweller. Diamonds have, however, been found nearly of all colours: next to the colourless, in esteem, are those of a decided red, blue, or green tint. Black diamonds are extremely rare; those which are slightly brown, or tinged only with other colours, are least valuable.

*Why is carbon so important in the vegetable kingdom?*

Because it is not only a component part, but it forms nearly the whole of the solid basis of all vegetables; and their infinite varieties may be attributed to the different modifications of carbon, as well as of the other principles which enter into their constitution.

*Why are so many products of vegetation indebted to carbon for their produce?*

Because carbon not only constitutes the base of the woody fibre, but is a component part of sugar, and of all kinds of wax, oils, gums, and resins; and of these again how infinite is the variety.—*Parke.*

*Why is carbon also important in the animal kingdom?*

Because it enters into the composition of animal milk, and of animal oils and fat; it is also found in albumen, gelatine, fibrina, and in many of the animal secretions.

*Why is carbonic acid gas so called?*

Because it consists of carbon, which has so great an affinity to oxygen, that when assisted by heat, it will take it from both substances with which it may be combined; and in certain proportions, they form carbonic acid gas. The composition of carbonic acid has been proved by analysis, as it has been actually decomposed, and the charcoal or carbon exhibited entire.

*Why was carbonic acid also called fixed air?*

Because it was so intimately combined in chalk, lime-stone, magnesia, &c. It is to Dr. Black we owe the discovery of carbonic acid gas. Mr. Keir was the first who suspected it to be an acid; and Dr. Priestley afterwards announced that a portion of it was always found in atmospheric air.

*Why is a blue flame so often seen upon the surface of a charcoal fire?*

Because the combustion of the carbonic oxide is formed in this way; the air entering at bottom, forms carbonic acid, which, passing through the red-hot charcoal, becomes converted into carbonic oxide. Hence arises the danger of burning charcoal in ill-ventilated chambers.

## The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."  
SHAKESPEARE.

### A GOOD GUN.

A COUNTRY farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "How the deuce is that?" said his friend. "Why," replied the farmer, "because the thief carried it off; and, what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

### A LORD MAYOR AND THE PLAGUE.

BRAYLEY tells us "the person of the Lord Mayor was regarded as so sacred about the year 1479, that Robert Byfelde, one of the sheriffs, having presumed to kneel close to that magistrate at Saint Erkenwald's shrine, during the raging of a dreadful plague, was complained of to the Court of Aldermen, and was fined fifty pounds towards the repairs of the city conduits."

N B. This was *dear kneeling*, and perhaps made the sheriff exclaim "*the plague take the Mayor.*" P. T. W.

### ANAGRAMS.

It lies in sugar.....Singularities  
Tan a lion.....National  
It is a fact son.....Satisfaction  
O I send pastry.....Dispensatory  
Ten mad men.....Amendment  
Rats in deep rains.....Predestinarians  
All great sin.....Gallantries  
Men die in a trot.....Determination  
Serve Saint Peter.....Representatives  
Yes lambs.....Assembly  
O I taste no gin.....Negotiations  
I secret no sport.....Retrospections  
W. G. C.

"Kiang-si might furnish a breakfast to all China, but Hu-quang might feed it fat."

A local proverb, expressing the comparative merit of these two provinces.

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